

Laimingas

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Laimingas

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Summary

Will looked so youthful, so sweet, grinning up at him. He was so happy when he was small this way, he was so open - to praise, to punishment, to showing his emotions. When he let himself play, properly, he was entirely unashamed of anything he was.

He was perfect.

Hannibal and Will enjoy non-sexual ageplay together.

Notes

While Will doesn't have an exact age he is when he's Little, he's definitely toddler-to-ten in this story. There is mention of pull-ups/diapers but NOT for use, just for dress-up and play.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There was nothing better than an entire weekend off.

No classes. No papers to grade. No deadlines to meet. No cases with Jack (yet, anyway). The stars had aligned, and Will, for once in his life, had *nothing else to do*.

It happened, but it happened so rarely that it was almost a holiday when it did. And Will knew exactly what his plans were.

Will and Hannibal had combined households at the beginning of the semester, but Will still wasn't used to the sheer joy he felt coming home to someone. Not just the dogs, though he was equally excited to have them milling around his feet.

He found Hannibal in the kitchen, of course, and draped himself over Hannibal's back, his chin on Hannibal's shoulder. "Whatcha doin', Daddy?"

He could feel Hannibal's face shift into a smile, their cheeks rubbing together. "Is that the mood we're in tonight?"

"Is that alright?"

Hannibal set the pan aside, turning the stove off and then turning to tug Will into a hug. "Of course, little one."

Little one.

Safe and accepted and loved. Even when Will had slipped, the first time, and called Hannibal Daddy while they cuddled on the sofa, Hannibal had never questioned it, had never called Will out or made fun of him. He'd merely asked what the word meant to Will, and had acted accordingly.

Daddy was safety. Daddy was comfort.

Hannibal kept Will in his embrace, bringing his hands forward over his shoulders to draw his thumbs in soothing touches over his cheeks. Will's eyes hooded, his smile languid and warm, and he turned his face into Hannibal's hands, nuzzling like a kitten.

"*Beautiful boy,*" Hannibal murmured, the Italian slipping from his tongue like honey. "*Daddy's sweet boy. What shall we do today?*"

This, too, had come as a surprise.

Will didn't speak Italian. He spoke English and bad English and a smattering of Patois that came to the surface when he was particularly upset or exhausted, but he didn't speak Italian.

And yet, every time Hannibal spoke it to him, it was as though Will were hypnotised, honing in on the unfamiliar sounds and making absolutely no effort to parse through them. He could guess at what some of the words meant, because Hannibal repeated them often, because the

context made sense, but he never connected them. The point wasn't to understand; in fact, the point was *not* to understand.

The incomprehension put Will solidly into a time and place where he didn't speak or understand English either, where adults made sounds with their mouths and Will just tilted his head and let them flow over him.

He sighed, closing his eyes and letting himself rest in Hannibal's arms for just a moment. "Hungry, Daddy," he finally said.

Hannibal nodded, tilting Will's head up to press a kiss to the bridge of his nose. "Go pick out something comfortable," he suggested in English. "Put your things away."

There were steps to take before Will could *truly* sink into his headspace, but that didn't make him any less sad about it. He moved slowly, almost grumpily, shedding his teaching clothes as he went. He paused in the hallway, glancing between rooms.

Technically, the bedroom to the left was the 'guest' bedroom, not that either of them cared to invite anyone else into their space. It had a full sized bed, a dresser, an end table.

It also had a large closet where Will's steadily-growing collection was stored. And that sounded far more fun than boxers and a T-Shirt.

Will didn't have a lot of 'little' things yet, but he had one pair of incredibly soft blue pajamas, with stars dotted over them, and *the bag*.

The bag still made Will blush when he grabbed it. It was the 'weirdest' of the things they did together, though Hannibal would have given him a good swat if he caught Will calling himself 'weird' again.

Will grabbed the pajamas and *the bag* and went back to the kitchen, naked as the day he was born and grinning mischievously. "Need help."

Hannibal was waiting for him, one hand already on his hip having expected something like this. His little one was a silly mischievous thing, though never outright a bad boy.

"Will," he said, drawing his name out until Will ducked his head and brought a hand up to chew against the side of his thumb. "What has Daddy said about coming downstairs without your clothes on?"

"Not to do it," Will mumbled around his hand, cheeks bright and warm. He bounced on the balls of his feet before tucking his toes against the ankle of his other foot. "But I get tangled up if I do it myself and then I make a mess."

Hannibal raised an eyebrow and Will smiled wider. "Daddy hates messes," he stage-whispered, as though Hannibal were not Daddy.

"He also wants his boy to be a well-mannered little thing," Hannibal pointed out, before holding his hand out for Will to take. "Come on them, silly boy. Let Daddy help you get your pullups and jammies on."

Will's face tinted pink. He took Hannibal's hand, letting himself be led to the study.

The study *also* had a bin full of toys in the closet, but Will knew he wouldn't be unleashed on those until he'd eaten dinner. Instead, Hannibal guided him to lay on his back on the rug.

This was the hard part, even though Will had asked for it. Will threw an arm over his face, hiding himself and blocking out the sight of Hannibal securing him into a thick fabric diaper.

Will didn't *use* the diapers, that was a step too far for him. There was a mental block there, a visceral disgust that he had no intention of working past. Hannibal had assured him it would be more than okay if he wanted to, that Hannibal would clean him up no matter what, but Will had no interest.

It was more the feeling that he cared about. The soft padding against his skin, the lingering attention Hannibal gave him as he dressed him. Later, Hannibal would clean him up so tenderly in the bath, even though Will hadn't made any sort of mess. And until then, Will would feel held, warmly wrapped up by Hannibal.

"Alright," Hannibal said, pulling the pajama pants up over Will's hips. "Sit up, sweetheart, arms up."

Will did, reaching up happily for Hannibal to work his top over his head and down his back, where he patted it down against his skin as Will grinned and wriggled.

"Thanks, Daddy."

Hannibal reached out to gently tweak Will's nose. "Would you like to help Daddy make you a snack?"

Will's eyes widened in pleasure and he nodded quickly, already so excited by the prospect of doing anything with Daddy. Will wasn't a terrible cook, but Hannibal enjoyed it far too much for Will to even bother asking if he should cook for them.

"Nuggets." Will demanded immediately. Hannibal's eyes narrowed in pleasure.

"No," he said, standing up and holding his hand out for Will to take. When he did, and when he stood, still holding Hannibal's hand, he kissed his cheek. "Daddy will find you something healthier."

"But I want nuggets," Will insisted, following Hannibal back to the kitchen and sitting obediently on one of the stools as Hannibal turned back to the stove where something was simmering.

"How about," Hannibal offered, crossing his arms as he looked at his boy, "a sandwich to tide you over, and you can help Daddy make jambalaya for dinner."

Will thought it over seriously, sucking his lower lip in between his teeth. On the one hand, he wanted something much more fun than a sandwich for a snack. On the other hand, *jambalaya*.

“Peanut butter,” Will demanded. “ *Real* peanut butter.”

They kept two jars, one a spread Hannibal had ground and seasoned himself, the other, JIF Honey Peanut Butter, which Hannibal claimed had three times the sugar and a third of the nutrition. And which Will would eat by the spoonful if given the chance, which was why it was heavily restricted.

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. “ *I wonder how a polite boy would ask for things?* ” He said, the Italian flying right over Will’s head as Hannibal turned back to the stove.

It took Will a few minutes to realize Hannibal was not getting ready to make him a sandwich. He pouted, kicking his feet. “Daddy,” he whined.

Whatever Hannibal said in response, it was beyond Will. Will bit his lip.

“Please?” Will tried. “Please, Daddy?”

“*There’s my good boy,* ” Hannibal praised him, turning to give Will a wink. Will wriggled.

“Please, Daddy, can I have a sandwich with real peanut butter? The one Daddy makes for me? Please?”

“*Yes, little one, of course you may,* ” Hannibal reached for a slice of fresh bread. Then he took down the butter he lovingly made for his boy every week, and spread it thickly over top.

He put it on the counter next to where Will sat and stroked a hand through his hair. Will looked so youthful, so sweet, grinning up at him. He was so happy when he was small this way, he was so open - to praise, to punishment, to showing his emotions. When he let himself play, properly, he was entirely unashamed of anything he was.

He was perfect.

“Daddy’s going to need his big boy’s help today,” Hannibal told him, as Will reached for his snack and stuck it into his mouth, holding the bread with both hands, but keeping his fingers clean. “You’ll need to read Daddy the recipe so he can get everything ready, and tell him just when to add everything in so it’s perfect, alright?”

Will nodded, his mouth full of peanut butter.

Jambalaya was one of Will’s favorites. He let himself get excited as he read, and by the time he had read the last instruction, he was practically vibrating.

“Go set the table,” Hannibal instructed. “Let Daddy finish up in here.”

Will set out two plates, two sets of silverware, but only one glass. For himself, he fetched a plastic sippy cup from the cabinet, setting it by the fridge for Hannibal to fill later.

When Hannibal brought the food out to the table, he paused, one eyebrow raised. Will had placed both plates on the very end of the table, as close together as possible.

“Will,” Hannibal chided, “you know how to set a table.”

Will pouted, an expression he was still working to master. “Wanted to sit with Daddy.” In Hannibal’s lap, preferably.

Hannibal considered him a moment, hummed, and set a hand to the top of Will’s head before kissing his temple. “Clingy boy. What juice would you like with dinner, little one?”

“Apple please,” Will smiled, watching Hannibal go to fill his sippy for him. When he returned, he offered the cup to Will and sat down at the head of the table. Will hesitated, wondering if Hannibal would send him to his usual place at the table to sit, and felt himself smile when instead his Daddy shifted his chair back a little further and welcomed Will closer.

Will went immediately, climbing into Hannibal’s lap and squirming back against him until Hannibal wrapped an arm around his middle to still him.

“Be good,” Hannibal murmured, kissing Will’s cheek and reaching for the jambalaya to serve himself a double helping; Will loved to eat from Daddy’s plate with him. If he was feeling small enough, he asked Hannibal to feed him; he never used his words, he just wriggled back against him, leaned out towards the plate with his mouth open and tried to catch Hannibal’s fork as it moved past him.

Silly thing.

Little thing.

“You won’t let Daddy eat in peace until he feeds you, will you baby boy?” Hannibal murmured softly.

Will giggled, covering his mouth shyly. He didn’t know the meaning, but he recognized affection, fondness.

The next bite, Hannibal held up to Will’s lips himself. Will swallowed it greedily, and the next, stealing extra bites between Hannibal’s own.

It was just as spicy as Will liked it, burning his tongue and his throat on the way down. He panted between bites, behavior he would never have tried seated at the table with Hannibal as an adult, and Hannibal merely indulged him with another bite.

“Sweet boy,” Hannibal told him, words that Will almost recognized from their frequency. *“Beautiful boy. Open up. Let Daddy take care of you.”*

“Daddy,” Will whispered, hiding his face against Hannibal’s neck, “I love you.”

Hannibal squeezed the arm around Will’s middle a little tighter in affection and kissed his cheek. He nuzzled there after, as though to press the kiss to his skin and keep it there permanently.

“I love you too, sweetheart. So, so much.”

Will obediently ate more of his dinner, holding his sippy in his hands and taking a drink every so often to try and soothe the fire in his mouth and belly. Eventually, Hannibal held up another forkful for Will to take and he turned his face away with a fussy sound, shaking his head when Hannibal tried again.

“Will,”

“No thank you, Daddy, I’m full.”

Hannibal set the fork aside and wrapped both arms around Will and held him a moment, cheek pressed against Will’s shoulders. He breathed him in, the comforting scent of his Will mingling with the soft childish smell of his pyjamas, the slight plastic hint from the pullups he wore beneath them.

He was perfect, absolutely perfect, this way and every other.

“*My favourite, special boy, I adore you.*” He whispered, promised, smiled against him. Then with a gentle shove against Will’s hips he guided him to stand. “Help Daddy take the dishes to the sink, little one, then upstairs for bathtime before bed.”

Will was impatient, dumping the dishes almost aggressively into the sink. He was much gentler with the wine glasses, after he saw the disapproving frown on Hannibal’s face.

“Sorry, Daddy,” Will said, nuzzling against Hannibal’s shoulder.

“*Terrible boy*,” Hannibal said. “Upstairs with you.”

Upstairs, there was another minor incident. While Hannibal set the temperature of the water, Will dug out *the basket* from the closet.

The Basket, with a capital B, was a thing of glory. It was huge and deep and heavy, stuffed to the brim with every sort of bath salt or bomb or bubble bath one could think of. Little vials of oil. Heavy, powdery spheres. Will always wanted to fill the tub with so many scents and colors, but Hannibal could only tolerate one item at a time.

“No, Will,” he said, as Will selected two bath bombs and a bottle of expensive bubble bath.

“But Daddy -”

“Just one,” Hannibal relented, watching Will sit down to take his time deciding. He looked at all the options as though they were the most important decision he had to make in his entire life. He supposed, for Will’s little-space, it was. Time was irrelevant for little ones, it didn’t matter. It mattered to their big selves, and to their Daddies who cared for them, but not to them. They were safe from time.

Getting Will into the tub wasn’t a problem, it rarely was. It was getting him out of it that always proved a bit of a challenge. Will was easily distracted on a good day, and much more so when he was small. He would chase the bubbles with his hands, blow on them when he held them and laugh loudly when they landed over the edge of the tub and to the floor.

“You’re making such a mess for Daddy to clean up,” Hannibal told him, using the corner of the towel to catch the bubbles and sop them up before they make the ground slippery.

“A bath is a clean thing so I can’t make a mess,” Will replied with a grin. “It doesn’t make sense.”

“Too clever for your own good,” Hannibal murmured, folding up his sleeve to reach into the tub to pull the plug, only to find Will’s hand catching his own to stop him. “Your skin has wrinkled, Will, time to get out of the tub and into bed.”

“No,” Will whined. “Just five more minutes.”

“Will.” Hannibal raised an eyebrow. He was not the bargaining type, and Will knew it. Daddy said things, and Will listened, and that was the only way it would be in their household.

But the bath was so *warm* and there were still suds drifting about.

“Five minutes,” Will insisted stubbornly.

“No,” Hannibal said, working his hand free of Will’s grasp. “You will have another bath tomorrow. That’s enough for tonight.

“No!” Will yelled, smacking his hands down against the water when Hannibal moved to pull the plug again. The motion splashed water everywhere, including over Hannibal’s white dress shirt.

This was the part that was irresistible to Will. In his day to day life, he had to act mature. Responsible. Here, he could just let go. He could play, he could laugh, and if he wanted to, he could have a huge fit. Sometimes, there was nothing else that would get rid of all the heaviness of a long, awful day.

Hannibal saw what was coming before it happened. “Will, if you so much as-”

Will shifted and heaved armfuls of water over the edge of the tub and into Hannibal’s lap.

The water spread quickly over the clean slick floor, soaking into the bathmat, the towel Hannibal had set down in order to pull the plug. It soaked Hannibal’s entire front, from neck to groin to knees, and for a moment he sat blinking at his terrible boy in the tub before bringing a hand up to wipe his face of suds.

“That was very, very naughty, little one,” Hannibal’s tone brooked no argument, and even though Will had no idea what he was saying he could certainly feel the consequences that would come after. He made himself small in the remaining water, a little ball with bubbles pulsing around him. “Why would you do that to Daddy?”

“I’m sorry,”

“What happens when you’re naughty, Will?”

Will bit his lip and wriggled a little, making the water slap up against the sides of the tub. "I'm sorry."

"What happens?"

"I get spanks," Will said softly. Hannibal hummed, standing up and moving to get another towel, a dry one, that he draped over one arm as he held his other out for Will to take to get out of the bath.

"You do," Hannibal confirmed. "But it will be up to you how many. Daddy can spank you right now, over your wet bottom three times, or in bed, five times over your pull-up."

Will squirmed unhappily as he was tugged out and onto the bathmat, damp beneath his feet. Less spanks were better, because Hannibal did *not* hold back, but spanks over a wet bottom always hurt more than a dry one. And the pull-up would offer some padding.

"Five spanks?" Will said, feeling as though he was dooming himself to the gallows. Hannibal nodded and began to dry him briskly. "Ow, Daddy, be gentle!"

It didn't *actually* hurt, but Will was used to much more careful coddling from Hannibal after a bath. Lotion all over his skin and the softest brushes of the towel.

"*This is what happens when you misbehave,*" Hannibal lectured, bringing a frown to Will's face. "*You miss out on treats.*"

"Daddy," Will whined, "no fair!"

"*Daddies don't have to be fair.*"

The lecture continued as Will was tugged into the bedroom, Hannibal kneeling to pull a fresh pull-up up his thighs. None of it was in English, and it sent Will further into that space, that place where Will felt so small and fuzzy.

His thumb came up to his face without his express permission and he was sucking it even as Hannibal continued his quiet admonishment. Will had no idea what he was saying, just that it was bad. Because he'd been a bad boy, and Daddy was upset, and Daddy wouldn't talk to him until Will was a good boy again and he wanted to be a good boy so badly, he wanted to -

"Will," Will looked up, eyes wide and bright. "*You know Daddy doesn't like it when you suck your thumb, sweetheart, you'll ruin your teeth. Now,*"

Hannibal sat down on the bed, hands on his thighs and Will furrowed his brows as he looked at him. He knew what he had to do. He whined, shifting from foot to foot, before stepping closer and bending over Hannibal's legs. His Daddy guided him into position, his bottom up and his tummy comfortably over Hannibal's over thigh.

"*Five,*" Hannibal reminded him, though he was certain Will wasn't even listening anymore, let alone understanding. "*One,*" he struck over the padding of the pull-up, but it made Will jerk in his lap anyway, "*for being rude to Daddy. Two, for being messy with the dishes. Three, for the incident in the bathroom. Four, for that again. And five...*" Hannibal landed the

last spank and stroked his palm over Will's bottom as he squirmed and whimpered against him. "Five because Daddy loves you very much, and wants his boy to be the best he can possibly be."

He ducked his head and kissed Will's damp curls. "All finished, sweet boy, all's forgiven. You've been so brave."

Catharsis was wonderful, and painful. Will burst into quiet tears, sniffing as he was pulled up to straddle Hannibal's thighs.

"Sweetheart." Hannibal cupped Will's face in his hands, brushing the tears away with his thumbs. "We're all done. It's alright now."

Will whined wordlessly, throwing his arms around Hannibal's shoulders. Hannibal hugged back just as tightly, rocking him in his lap.

Eventually, Will settled. He tucked his face against Hannibal's shoulder, his hand creeping up towards his mouth again.

"No," Hannibal said, pulling Will's fingers away from his mouth. He shifted them both on the bed, reaching for the nightstand. He pulled an adult-sized pacifier free of the drawer, holding it up to Will's lips.

The second the plastic bulb brushed his lips, Will opened his mouth gratefully. Every moment with Hannibal felt like the best part of the night, but this was *really* the best part of the night. He could curl up with Hannibal, sucking on the pacifier, letting the rhythm soothe him. If he was lucky, he might even get a bottle and a story before bed, but even if he wasn't, there was this moment. This peace, this pure serenity. Will sighed happily.

Hannibal ran his hand through Will's hair, settling the curls against his scalp. Will didn't even realize Hannibal had started reading to him until he recognized the characters in the story they had been working through together.

With another deep sigh, Will settled even more comfortably into bed against his Daddy.

Sometime in the night he spat the pacifier out - he always did, no longer used to having something in his mouth for so long. It didn't matter much, by that point he was comfortably drifting and didn't need the grounding anymore.

Sometime in the night Will got up to go to the bathroom, scratching absently against his scalp as he balanced himself by the toilet. He stumbled back to bed and crawled carelessly and gracelessly over Hannibal to lay on him, and fell asleep before he knew whether he'd woken the man or not.

In the morning, Will woke first. He watched Hannibal, sleeping quietly, his face so relaxed.

This was the man he loved, the man who kept Will safe, who made him feel *so* damn good. Will was absurdly lucky, and so grateful. Hannibal was more than he'd ever expected to find.

Still, Will had needs.

“Daddy,” he whispered, poking Hannibal in the cheek. “Daddy, wake up. My tummy wants crepes.”

End Notes

Title *hopefully* means "safe, secure, happy" in Lithuanian.

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